

Western Carolinian.

PUBLISHED BY KRIDER & BINGHAM.

SALISBURY, TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1820.

Vol. I.....No. 7.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Tuesday, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable at the end of every six months.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editors.

Whoever will become responsible for the payment of nine papers, shall receive a tenth gratis.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted on the customary terms.

No advertisement inserted until it has been paid for, or its payment assumed by some person in this town, or its vicinity.

All letters to the editors must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

AGRICULTURAL.



Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confessed his father's toil.

Raising of Hedges.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN FARMER.

SIR: I have read several useful publications in your paper on the subject of hedges, and wishing to encourage the raising the American thorn for fences, I send for publication the directions of Thomas Main, gardener, in the District of Columbia, for germinating the seed of the hedge thorn, the first spring after the berries are gathered.

Mr. Main was a practical man, and it is well known that he raised large quantities of the thorn for sale. He offered proposals for publishing a book, which was to contain the secret of raising the plants the first year from the berries; but it is much to be regretted that he did not obtain subscriptions sufficient to induce him to publish.

I had several letters and a pamphlet from him; and I paid him for the secret of raising thorns the first year; but he imposed an injunction, not to permit a copy to be taken, as he then intended to publish his book. He is now dead, and as there is no probability that his book ever will be published, I think myself at liberty to send you a copy for your paper, believing that the directions he gives will be of great use in promoting hedges.

Yours, &c. &c. J. E. HOWARD.

The seed are to be extricated from the berries, either by hand rubbing, or any other means; (I commonly put them in a trough, and mash them with a wooden pestle, taking care to proportion the strokes thereof, so as not to break the stones; and turning over the mass repeatedly during the operation, until all the berries are broken;) after which, the stones are to be washed from the pumice—put a gallon or two of the mass into a washing tub, filled with water; let it be well broken and rubbed by the hand therein; pour off the water gently; the pumice and light stones will flow off along with it, and the good seed will remain at the bottom. It will be necessary to repeat this, say ten or twelve times, until scarcely any thing remain but the clean stones. They are then to be put in a deep square box that will hold them with ease, so that the quantity of seed may not reach within some inches of the brim. The box ought to be loosely made, or a few gimblet holes bored in the bottom, to permit the water to drain from the seed. It is then to be placed in some secure situation out of doors, in the coldest exposure that is convenient, and the seed in the box, being covered with some moist oak leaves or green moss, they are to remain so during the winter. Ground squirrels and mice are fond of this seed: the box ought, therefore, to be secured from these animals. It is not necessary to mix any mould with the seed; neither is it material how often or seldom they are frozen during the winter.

At the approach of spring, the seed are to be inspected every two or three days, say about the middle of March; and so soon as they feel slimy on being handled, it indicates that the shells of the stones are about to open. The weather being favorable, the ground is then to be dug and prepared for the reception of the seed. The soil most fit for this purpose, being described in the pamphlet, it is needless to repeat here.

Wishing to give the whole pamphlet when opportunity offers, we now extract the author's description of the kind of soil best suited for a nursery. Ed. Fur.

So soon as the small point of the rootlet of some of the seed appears protruded, it is then just the time, weather permitting, to sow them. Every gardener knows that the beds ought to be about four feet wide, and that the alleys should be from 15 to 18 inches. The seed ought to be rolled in plaster of Paris at the time of sowing, and scattered about an inch apart—half an inch of fine mould is sufficient for their covering. The plants will appear in a few days, if the weather is favorable. It is scarcely necessary to add, that to produce such fine plants as I have had the pleasure to transmit to your address, clean and careful weeding is indispensable. It will save a whole year's trouble time afterwards.

The process may be summed up in one short sentence, viz:—Clean the stones from the berries, and keep them damp through the winter.

NURSERY FOR THE PLANTS.

The soil most fit for a nursery to the young plants of the haw-thorn, is a free, rich, deep black loam, that has previously been in a cultivated state, rather inclined to moist than dry, rather situate at the bottom than the top of a height, rather on the flat summit than on the declivity of a hill; and where such a soil and situation cannot be had, that which comes nearest to this description ought to be preferred. A soil that would suit for cabbages, and in a similar state of preparation as would answer well for that vegetable, will also answer for the most part of such plants as are used in hedging. It will, however, be of great advantage to have the piece of ground appropriated for this purpose, dug from fifteen to eighteen inches deep: if the soil will not admit of more than twelve inches in depth, it may do, but less than that would be too shallow to produce fine thriving plants. If the state of the soil should render it necessary, it must be turned up rough, or trenched by the spade, in the beginning of winter, in order that it may be mellowed by the frost, and also that it may be clean from the remains of former productions, and work free and easy when it comes to be turned over, levelled, and dressed in the spring.

A piece of ground about twenty-one yards square, will be sufficient for the transplantation of ten thousand plants, set in rows about fourteen inches wide one row from another, and three inches apart from plant to plant in the row.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

To destroy Fly in Turnips.

ROCKHALL, JUNE 5, 1820.

DEAR SIR: Observing in your last paper, that as the season for turnip seeding is near at hand, induced you to treat more largely on the subject of their culture, I beg leave to suggest a specific against the fly, or little black flea, which are so destructive to your plants in warm and dry weather, provided you have not had this information before: which is simply, to steep the seed in train or fish oil and sulphur, for 15 or 20 hours before seeding; the oil may then be strained off, and the seed rolled in plaster or ashes. The oil assists the vegetation of the seed, and impregnates the plant so strongly, that no fly will trouble it till it is well leaved out. This antidote I have used for several years past with all the small seeds I sow, also vine seeds, and found it never to fail; it would be well for the tobacco planters to adopt this method with their seed. I wish some of your experienced correspondents could give the public as sure an antidote against the green web-worm, which was so destructive to turnips and cabbages last year. I lost two crops of the Ruta Baga by those worms, after the leaves had grown to the size of a dollar.

I remain your respectful humble servant,
THOMAS HARRIS.

JOHN S. SKINNER, ESQ.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

"Oh liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and fragrant with delight;
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads her wanton train."

"UBI EST LIBERTAS, UBI EST PATRIA."

Fondly can the mind linger over the scenes at which the association produces pleasant sensations, whether of a local, domestic, or national nature. But when the genius or the ecstasy of feeling can, like the morning sun, diffuse its rays, then the generous soul expands into the

immensity of space, and assumes all the vivid enthusiasm of Roman citizens, with whom conscious rectitude, national bravery, and personal virtue, were the three grand and cardinal qualifications of a valuable citizen. It is to men like these, upon whom the executive can depend in time of need, and the country look up to, when the portentous cloud of destruction threatens immediate desolation.

The critic's eye, or the neutral's indifference, may criminate the enthusiasm which the writer of this piece may evince; but when they have recurrence to that age and period which induce him to hazard the undertaking, and connect cause with effect, they may then say, most fortunately,

"We have accomplished our object,

"That paragons description,

"And exceeds the quirks of blazoning pens."

I have lately seen the Declaration of American Independence, as executed under the superintendence of Mr. BINGS, to whose indefatigable industry, combined with the strong evidence of taste, and an adopted *amor patriæ*, the American people should always pay a tribute of respect. This memento of the American struggle is not confined to our country, but, like the Spartan valor, has extended to other countries. We have congenial spirits in South-America, who have consecrated it to the dedication of their country, by placing it in their Congress Hall, hoping it will operate as an incentive to the glorious purpose of effecting universal emancipation.

DESCRIPTION.

The Declaration of Independence, as offered by Mr. Jefferson and adopted by Congress, forms the body of the copper-plate, to which is affixed the fac-similes of the signatures of the members composing that Congress. At the head of the copper-plate are the profiles of Washington, Hancock and Jefferson; an engraving of the coat of arms of the original thirteen states, form, united with wreaths of myrtle, the sides and base. What gives an additional value to the piece is, that the whole, paper, ink, engraving, and impression, are the native productions of our own country.

FRANKLIN.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Printers—I am naturally taciturn, and habit has made me more so. I say little, and perhaps think less; but I sometimes write, whether my own thoughts, or those of others, is of no consequence. My life, so far, has been secluded. I have mixed but little with company, and of consequence am not very well versed in the manners and customs of the world; and for that reason, probably, the remarks I have made on the prevailing customs of the times, the disgust I have imbibed at many, and my great dislike to nearly all of them, have proceeded almost wholly from my deficiency of taste, occasioned by my predilection for the simple and obsolete fashions of my ancestors, in which I have been most rigidly educated. But habit has now become too inveterate to admit of change: nature and education have made me an odd being; and I have not the inclination, had I the power, to alter in the least. This brief sketch of my character, I hope, will excuse the oddity of many, and the crudeness of all, of my remarks, and the unfavorable opinions I may entertain of some, merely on account of what I have judged, their impropriety of conduct.

I am ignorant, sirs, of every rule of politeness—what I speak, I think. I have, indeed, heard of a book, entitled "Principles of Politeness," and I once thought of purchasing it; but my father shook his head, and enunciated, very emphatically, "principles of hypocrisy! Boy! they'll ruin you! They'll teach you 'to smile, and smile, and be a villain!'" What he said was sufficient; and I have ever since felt the utmost antipathy to every thing which is termed politeness: by the *beau monde*. This will apologize for any thing that may appear rude and unpolished in my manner.

I frequently leave my seclusion in the country, to spend several days in town. It is what I have long been accustomed to; and though it is often attended with inconvenience, and frequently gives me great mortification, it has become so strong a habit, that I cannot break it off. I am always civil, when I visit you; I take no notice of any one, and hardly speak, except to my landlord; and in my morning or evening rambles, if I meet one on the sidewalk, I always give him two-thirds. But this, I have observed, is not considered *polite*. If I wish to enjoy the cool air of the evening, I take my seat in the door, or at farthest, on the steps before it, so that I may not obstruct the path of those who choose to walk; but the *polite* way, I am informed, is, to place your chair in the middle of the sidewalk, and not to move for any thing, except a mad dog. This, I suppose, is taught in the school of Chesterfield; my country pedagogue taught me different; but he was an old-fashioned, unpolished clown, and formed me on his own model.

I recollect a very curious and singular occurrence which happened the first time I visited Salisbury. You must know, that when in the country, I spend most of my time in my library; I am therefore better acquainted

with books, than with men and things. I had read a great deal about the Grecian and Italian sculptors; had often admired, in imagination, the incomparable works of Phidias—his Minerva and Jupiter Olympus—and had several times almost fallen in love with the Venus of Pymalion, which was formed so exquisitely, that the statuary became enamored of the work of his own hands, altered the resolution he had made never to marry, and begged of Venus to change it into a woman; the queen of love granted his request, and gave him a wife possessed of all the beauty and probably all the frailty of Eve. After Bonaparte had transported to the Louvre the productions of the chisel and the pencil, which adorned Italy, and excited the admiration of all men of taste, I formed the romantic resolution to visit Paris, for the sole purpose of viewing the "mimic works of art," or, perhaps, more properly, the real copies of nature, the glowing canvass and the breathing marble, collected in the Louvre. It was while preparing for this voyage, and while my mind was solely occupied with the thoughts of it, that I visited Salisbury, as above mentioned. As I was sauntering along on one of your side-walks, in the most profound cogitation, I found my way, all at once, completely obstructed before a large dwelling-house—I very leisurely raised my head to discover what was the cause, when, heavens! I exclaimed, in utter amazement! I thought I beheld the Venus de Medicis before me, surrounded by the Graces; and my first conclusion was, that some antiquary in Salisbury, or some lover of the fine arts, had transported from Europe, and placed them before his door, to gratify the public taste and curiosity. I approached them with that sublime and reverential feeling which we experience on beholding the immortal works of departed genius, and was proceeding to examine them with the eye of an enthusiast, when a succession of deafening cackinnations dispelled the illusion, and convinced me that my Venus de Medicis and her attendant Graces, were only an assemblage of polite young ladies! Hecates and Ates! I exclaimed, and dashed from them in all the bitterness of disappointment. You need not be surprised at my being so deceived; for I came upon them so unexpectedly, and they stood so immovable, with a fixed and intent gaze, that having my mind employed as it was, on Grecian and Italian artists, it is not at all surprising I should conceive I beheld their very works before me.

It is now customary for me to encounter the gazers; I take it as a matter of course, and always place my hat on one side, when about to pass in review before them. But my aunt Dorothy tells me it was not so when she was young; then, if the gentlemen wished to see the young ladies, they had to enter the house, where they found them employed either in reading or sewing; and "thinks I to myself," (for I seldom speak,) they were better employed, than in giggling and gazing on the side-walk.

Yours till death,
ICHABOD.

Clownsville, June 20, 1820.

P. S.—After I get my wheat harvested, I will write you again.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Editors: About 12 o'clock, one night last week, I was awakened from sleep by a serenading party of young gentlemen belonging to our town. I listened to the music with that solemn yet pleasing sensation, which it never fails to excite in me at that gloomy hour when all nature seems hushed into almost a breathless silence. It moved slowly from me, its reverberating echo growing fainter and fainter, until it became entirely exhausted; and left, if possible, a more death-like silence than that which reigned before its approach. I then invoked old *Somnus* again to shroud my faculties with his mantle of drowsiness—but I invoked him in vain. I lay musing upon past scenes, and upon future troubles and expectations;—my imagination sometimes flitting over blissful regions of worldly enjoyment—then startling with horror at fancied misery and wretchedness—until the dawn of day. I have since tried to embody some of the ideas which were revolved in my mind at that time; but they were so abstract and vague, that I have

found it impossible to put together, in any thing like harmony, more than the following wild effusion:

MY WIFE.

Oh! that I might, by some heavenly art,
Or by some wonderful, magic power,
To ethereal air dissolve my heart,
And blend it with fragrance from ev'ry flower.
Thus steep'd in sweets, and join'd with ev'ning air,
'T would be inhald, with pleasing sensation,
By the young, unconscious, and lovely fair,
At every grateful inspiration.
There, playing round among their tender hearts,
A sufficient length of time might it stay,
To stamp VIRTUE on their most secret parts:
Then, at a breath, it could be blown away.
Thus driven from pure regions of pleasure,
Into a cold, licentious world once more,
I'd swiftly grasp it, a richer treasure
Than all Potosi's glittering, golden ore!

Salisbury, July 24, 1820.

ALFRED.

INTELLIGENCE.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.

CHARLESTON, JULY 6.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE.—We learn by the sloop *Lady Washington* and *General Washington*, from St. Augustine, that the Patriot brig, which took Mr. COPPINGER out of the schr. *Mary*, of this port, as mentioned some short time since, is called the *General Ramez*; she was a Spanish Guineaman, from Africa, taken by a small Patriot privateer, which was soon after wrecked, and the crew and commission transferred to the brig.—She is commanded by a Baltimorean, has but about twenty men on board, and those in a mutinous state, with upwards of 250 slaves. She appeared off St. Augustine about 12 or 14 days since; the commander sent a letter on shore addressed to Governor COPPINGER, stating that his vessel was short of water and provisions, and that if a supply was sent off to them, the Governor's Son would be immediately released.—The message returned by the Governor was, that much as he loved his child, he would not supply them with a mouthful of provisions, or a drop of water, to save him from the yard-arm; and pointedly forbid any Spaniard from holding the least intercourse with them.—But two or three young gentlemen of this city, friends to young COPPINGER, who happened to be in St. Augustine at the time, requested permission of the Governor to board the brig and endeavor to effect the release of his son.—He told them, that being American citizens, they could act as they thought proper, but that no boat from the garrison could be furnished them. They then repaired on board an American vessel in the harbor, obtained the loan of her boat, and the assistance of a few seamen, with which they repaired on board the brig—they were received with civility by the Captain, and after some consultation, he released Mr. COPPINGER, and allowed him to go on shore in the boat. The brig remained off the harbor for several days, and then bore away, as was reported, for St. John's River, East-Florida. The commander, we understand, was very anxious to dispose of his slaves, and offered them at \$100 each, on board. [By the *Savannah Republican* of the 3d inst. it appears that the above brig was on Friday last carried into Cumberland Sound, a prize, as was supposed, to the revenue schooner *Dallas*, Capt. JACKSON, of Savannah.—*Courier*.

From the Detroit Gazette.

We, the undersigned, passengers from Detroit to Mackinaw, in the steam boat Walk-in-the-Water, Jedediah Rogers commander, think it proper to express the high satisfaction we have derived on our passage, from the convenience and neatness of our accommodations; the variety and excellence of the provisions; the intelligence and prompt attention of the waiters; and especially the politeness and urbanity of Capt. Rogers, and the order maintained by him in every department of the concerns of the boat. To all gentlemen and ladies in our capital, and other towns, who are desirous of visiting these extensive inland seas, and the great variety of picturesque, beautiful and sublime views which they every where present to the eye of the intelligent traveller, we strongly recommend this conveyance; the best, we conceive, ever yet devised by the ingenuity of man.

J. Morse, D. D. Rev. R. C. Morse,
A. Macomb, Maj. Gen. Samuel Abbott,
John E. Wool, Insp'r. Walter Thomson,
Gen. U. S. A. Shubael Conant,
John G. Camp, J. Solomons,
John Agnew, Wm Beaumont,
Ramsay Crooks, Sur. U. S. A.
Lyman Warren.

Mackinaw, June 17th 1820.

The following "directions for travellers from the eastward, to Mackinaw, Green Bay, Chicago, Prairie du Chien, St. Anthony's Falls and St. Louis," were furnished from the useful pen of the Rev. J. Morse, D. D. who is now at Mackinaw. They were transmitted through the politeness of Capt. J. Rogers.

"From Boston to Norwich, by stage; thence to New-Haven, New-York, and Albany, by steam boats—distance from Boston to Albany on this route, 390 miles—stage and steam boat fare \$20. From Albany to Utica, 96 miles by stage; this is by far the most fatiguing part of the route. At Utica, take the canal boat Montezuma, capt. Buss, (which has excellent accommodations,) to Montezuma, 96 miles, fare \$4; the passage is made in 36 hours. You pass the celebrated salt works

at Salina, 65 miles from Utica—an object highly worthy the traveller's attention. From Montezuma to the great stage road at Cayuga, private conveyance, 7 miles; thence in the stage, over the famous Cayuga bridge (a mile long) through the thriving villages of Seneca, Waterloo and Geneva, 39 miles, to Canandaigua, the largest and most respectable town west of Utica; leaving on your left as you pass, the beautiful lakes of Cayuga, Seneca and Canandaigua. From Canandaigua, through East and West Bloomfield, Avon, Caledonia, Batavia, Pembroke and Clarence, to Buffalo, 88 miles; stage and private fare from Montezuma to Buffalo, \$10. From Buffalo to Niagara falls, 20 miles; it is best to cross Niagara river at Black Rock 2 miles below Buffalo, to go down on the Canada side; and after viewing this stupendous cataract from table rock, on the west bank, to cross over at the foot of the falls to the east side; thence across Gen. Porter's ingeniously constructed bridge, to Goat Island, from which is another most interesting view of the falls and of the awful descent of the waters above them. Returning on the east side of the river to Buffalo, take the steam boat Walk-in-the-water, across lake Erie, viz.

To Erie, (formerly Presque Isle,) 80 miles.	
Fair Port, (Grand River) 80	
Cleveland, 50	
Sandusky, 60	
Put-in-Bay, (the harbor of Perry's fleet, near the scene of his battle and victory) 50	
Detroit, 50	
Fare \$15. 310	

From Detroit to Fort Gratiot, at the entrance of Lake Huron, 80 miles; thence to Mackinaw, 250 miles—fare from Detroit to Mackinaw, \$20. From Mackinaw to the Saut of St. Mary's, the outlet of Lake Superior, 80 miles. Drummond's Island, a great resort for the Indians, in possession of the British, is 45 miles above Mackinaw—conveyance can be had to the Saut by boats. From Mackinaw to Green Bay is 234 miles. From Mackinaw to Chicago, 250 miles—conveyance may be had to those places in small trading vessels or boats. From Green Bay to Prairie du Chien, up Fox river and down Ouisconsin by boats, 360 miles—thence by boats, up the Mississippi, to St. Peter's, (five miles below St. Anthony's Falls,) 350 miles; thence back, down the Mississippi, to St. Louis, 950 miles.

The passage from Boston to Mackinaw may be made in fifteen days; the accommodations all the way excellent. The various scenery of this route, mingles the rich, the beautiful, and the sublime, probably beyond what is to be found on any other route of equal distance, on the face of the globe.

Extract of a letter to the editor of the *Niagara Patriot*, dated "MACKINAW, June 20."

"A letter was received some short time since at Chicago, from Maj. Marston, commanding Fort Armstrong.—It appears that the express communication had been cut off, and that the Major availed himself of a Sack Indian to communicate with Maj. Baker, at Chicago. He states that two of his men had been killed by the Indians—that they had attempted to cut off his provisions, boats, &c. but failed—that they had made something like a regular attack upon the fort, but were repulsed. His command was too small to think of leaving the fort in presence of the enemy. He had applied to Col. Leavenworth for aid, but the Colonel's command was too small to afford any."

"The fact is that great apprehensions are entertained for the safety of all the posts west of Green Bay and Chicago. There are so few men at these places, that it must be a great temptation to those Indians, who, no doubt, view with concern the rapid strides we are making in their country."

"There are some three or four hundred Indians at this post, on their way to Drummond's Island, for the purpose of receiving presents from their great father, George IV. I am told they receive annually, from \$40 to \$50,000 worth of goods from the British officers at that place."

CINCINNATI, JUNE 15.

A Curiosity.—On Saturday last, in digging the well of Mr. Wright, near Harrison, in this county, nearly a mile from the White Water, and about 14 feet from the surface, in a bed of rounded limestone pebbles, a living frog was dug up, which, in a short time, hopped away as nimbly as if he had been but a year old. There are trees contiguous, and lower in ground, more than 500 years old, which have evidently taken the places of others of equal growth; so that this frog had probably lain buried for 1000 years.

A Mr. Whitaker, who lived a few miles west of the Little Miami, informed the writer of this some years ago, that, in digging his well, he had found buried there a living frog and lizard (if rightly recollected) more than 30 feet below the surface.

NEW-YORK, JULY 7.

Extraordinary escape.—On Wednesday afternoon a party of gentlemen, to the number of 37 going from New-Haven to the Light House in a pleasure boat, were met about half way down the harbor by the steam boat Fulton, Capt. Law from New-London, who was going up the harbor under full sail and a powerful steam. From some miscalculation on the part of the person who was steering the sail boat, in attempting to clear the steam boat the latter struck her in the middle, and passed instantly over her. Thirty of the persons in the boat caught hold of the steam boat's bowsprit and bows, and saved themselves—seven of them passed directly under her bottom, and came up astern; but, by the most extraordinary

extortions from the steam boat, they were all saved, though some of them were much exhausted. One of the gentlemen had his hand broken, and one other was very much injured. A child of about seven years of age was on board, who had presence of mind enough to seize hold of a rope, and in that way was preserved. No blame was imputable to capt. Law for the accident, but every exertion was made by him and his men for the preservation of the persons in the boat.

Springfield, (Mass.) June 8.

GREAT OXEN.—Yesterday, Col. Abel Chapin, of this town, again highly gratified his fellow-citizens, by exhibiting and weighing alive, six fine, large, fat Oxen.

Largest Ox, 2744 Girt 8 feet 8 inches, age, 6 years.
His Mate, 2438 Do. 8 do. 9 do. do. do.
(Raised by Col. A. Chapin.)

Yellow Ox, 2212 6 years.
Line Black, 2226 7 do.
A yoke of Oxen, 4144 8 do.

Weight of Oxen raised, fattened and exhibited at Brighton, in 1817, by Col. A. Chapin:—
Maximus, 2716 age, 5 years.
Magnus, 2449 do. do.

NORFOLK, JULY 10.

Our last letters from Spain inform us that the Message of the President to Congress, recommending a suspension of hostile proceedings against Florida, in consequence of the embarrassments of the Spanish government, has gone the rounds of the Spanish papers (which are now free even to licentiousness) with comments, in every instance, highly honorable to the magnanimity of Mr. MONROE, whom the Spaniards, in the fullness of their joy, declare (says our correspondent) "has a soul, and though a heretic, may get to Heaven!"—Nevertheless we are given to understand, that in the midst of their acknowledgments of his forbearance in this instance, they do not forget to ascribe it in some degree to the extraordinary and pressing interference of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia; and in truth facts seem to justify this conclusion.—Not satisfied with recommending to our government through its Minister at his own court, to exercise forbearance and moderation towards Spain, and preaching with puritanical simplicity the cause of "peace and concord," but for fear his friendly admonitions might be forgot, he orders the same sermon to be preached in duplicate by his Minister at Washington, and afterwards in triplicate to the American Minister at Madrid. This is acknowledged to be a most righteous act of friendship on the part of the Emperor, but the officious repetitions of it look like being friendly over much, and as if there was a lurking disposition underneath to do something more than recommend, if his advice was not taken.

"In a late Madrid paper (says our Correspondent) a curious article appears, which would seem to be intended as a lesson for the next Minister, who shall have the task of negotiating with the United States, and is certainly a portrait of Spanish diplomacy."

"The political conduct of the old Secretary of State, (Pizarro,) is under review, when, amongst other things, the writer makes serious charge against him for ratifying the convention of 1802, and again in 1818, and expressly states his want of talent in not being able to shuffle on as his predecessors had done for 16 years—and that by his imprudent ratification of this treaty, he had acknowledged and stamped our claims, and consequently was chargeable with all the responsibility of the subsequent Treaty of 1819, as a natural consequence of the other.—The language used by the Minister, &c. in 1806, was just as warlike as that used in 1819, and if Don Onis had not actually signed the Treaty, we might have negotiated on the same subject for 10 or 15 years longer, &c."



CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1820.

The most casual observer must have been astonished, and the least reflecting must have shuddered, at the continual increase of crimes in this country—crimes, too, many of them, of such fiend-like atrocity, as to make us blush to acknowledge ourselves men. Hardly a breeze blows from the ocean, but bears on its wings the groans of the murdered; and seldom does a mail reach us, that does not develop some new enormity,—some damning crime to blacken human nature,—some awful evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. The ocean swarms with pirates, and its bosom is crimsoned with the blood of the innocent—yes, with the blood of that sex which claims protection from its weakness, and sympathy and affection, from its loveliness; and the land is polluted by the midnight robber and the noon-day assassin. An infant nation exhibits the fearful phenomenon, of as complete maturity in every species of guilt, as is discovered in countries which have been ripening for centuries. This picture is shocking to humanity,—is fearfully ominous to our country; but it is no more shocking than correct: It is not colored to the life—its shades, truly, are dark; but they might be much darker.

Does justice, then, sleep? or do the laws of the land want efficacy? No; neither. The judge finds it too often his painful duty to pronounce the awful sentence of death! and the solemn task not seldom devolves on the sheriff, of ushering a fellow-being into the presence of his Maker! Yes, justice performs its duty; but too many impolitic acts of clemency, and the indiscreet zeal of pious and benevolent men, destroy all the beneficial results, which the rigid execution of justice is calculated to produce. Mercy is a bright and attractive feature in any government; it should be a light on the human character, and

we would not wish to take from it one of its functions; but we would wish to prevent its improper exercise, for it then takes the nature of *cruelty*. It is not *mercy* to the hardened and condemned criminal, whose hands have been steeped in innocent blood,—it is not *mercy* to society, to let him loose, again to prey on the lives and property of our citizens. We know he is "too bad to live;" but mercy may say, "he is too wicked to die;" give him sufficient time, then, to repent, and then let him take its course: let his life be the forfeit of his crimes. This language may sound harsh to many—may be termed *unfeeling*; but we cannot help it. It is the language of our hearts; and, in our opinion, the language of *mercy*.

We have long considered many pious, benevolent men, as being the cause, unconsciously, however, of much mischief. They will fly to the prison of the condemned criminal, to direct his eye to a brighter and a better world; to produce in him that repentance which will usher to his disembodied spirit the gates of Paradise; to brighten his last moments with the unveiled glories of eternity.—And far be it from us to discourage their benevolence. We would not wish to darken the last hour of the veriest wretch that ever disgraced humanity. But all these benevolent purposes can be accomplished in silence; they need not be obtruded on the world, as they can do no good, and may do serious injury.

Very few, however hardened, but will be brought to reflect, when on the brink of eternity; and it requires very little to persuade them that they have experienced that change which will render their ignominious death a blessing, instead of a punishment. Hence we behold almost every execution a scene of triumph—the gallows the vestibule of heaven. Hence we behold the murderer glorying in his crime, as being the means employed by the Deity to accomplish his salvation. Hence we see the papers teeming with the dying confessions, or rather exultations, of the murderer, the pirate and the destroyer of female chastity; and to spread their pernicious influence still wider, they are ushered forth in pamphlets, and placed in the hands of hawkers, to be scattered into every nook and corner of the country.

Hull, one of the two who lately robbed the mail near Baltimore, and murdered, in cold blood, the innocent driver, the father of a family, dependent on him for support, writes thus to his uncle:—"My arrest for the crime, which I must shortly expiate with my life, was mysterious—it was the work of Providence—I can call it fatherly love—it put a sudden stop to my wicked career, and I have no doubt will terminate for my greatest possible good. If the laws of my country condemn me to death, and I am snatched from the embraces of a tender parent, it is to save my soul from everlasting misery. If I fall into deep disgrace, it is on purpose that I may rise to high honors. Even the iron doors of this public house of justice and correction, open to me my way to the right hand of my heavenly Father." A letter exhibiting less exultation and more penitence, would, we think, be more appropriate, and better suit the enormity of his guilt; but it is not our intention to condemn the feelings he has expressed, but only the publication of them to the world. Such a letter, undoubtedly, must be gratifying and consoling to his friends; but it is a blind, senseless policy to let it go any farther. We believe his arrest to have been "the work of Providence;" but we can hardly give credence to the assertion, that his violating the laws of his country and of his God, was designed by Providence, "on purpose to raise him to high honors." Whatever others may think, we cannot assent to the idea, that "God is the author of evil"—or that to save the soul of one man, he would commission that man to destroy the soul of another. Such a doctrine is directly opposite to our notions of the justice and benevolence of the Deity; and it is a doctrine, too, which, even if it be true, ought not to be inculcated. It places the blackest villains in society on a level with its best members; and destroys the safety of all, in asserting, by implication, that the destruction of the life of one, two, or three useful and valuable citizens, may be the appointed means of "fatherly love," to effect the salvation of so many of the very dregs of society.

We hope that such injudicious friends and relatives will see the impropriety of their conduct, and be sensible of its evil tendencies. Let them visit the prisons—let them comfort and console their wretched inmates—let them light up on the countenance of misery and guilt, the smile of hope—let them administer the consolations of the gospel, and portray the rewards of the penitent: let them do all these, and they will be followed with the blessings and esteem of every good man. But let them not make penitence varnish over guilt—let them not exhibit to the world the abandoned patricide exulting in the murder of his parent, because by the commission of that infernal deed he had been brought to repentance, and thus secured to himself the eternal rewards bestowed on the virtuous and the good. Such a scene, so revolting to all the better feelings of the human heart, has been exhibited on the gallows; and was it calculated to make any good impressions? Quite the reverse. It held out reward to guilt, and offered a bounty to murder. Its language to every depraved wretch who witnessed it, was—"Do this and live!"

We have expressed our feelings freely and without reserve, because we think the subject demanded it; because we believe the course pursued by many persons who are in the habit of visiting condemned criminals from the purest and most benevolent motives, is diametrically opposite to the best interests of society, and subversive of every good effect which a public execution is intended to produce. And should these few and hasty remarks meet the eye of any one, whose conduct is here censured, we hope he will read them with feelings as friendly and charitable as those with which they were written; and that if they fail to convince, they will not offend.

We are requested to state, that GEORGE KERR, Esq. has consented to become a candidate to represent the County of Cabarrus in the Commons of the next Legislature.

The Club....No. II.

It was our purpose to give, in this number, a short sketch of the characters of some of our members; but the receipt of the following communication has altered our plan. It comes to us from an unknown hand, and through an unknown channel. Such as it is, we submit it to the public; particularly to a certain class of persons whose conduct and demeanor are more immediately concerned.

TO THE CLUB.

GENTLEMEN: As I was passing up the Main street of your town, a few days ago, my attention was attracted by a small crowd of persons collected at a place not far from the Court-House. They seemed very much amused with something that was taking place in the midst of them; for every now and then they sent forth loud peals of laughter. When I came up to the spot, I found that the crowd consisted of a parcel of idle fellows, who were diverting themselves at the expense and with the foolery of a miserable looking wretch, who lay stretched before them, so drunk as not to be able to stand. But though unable to stand, he still was profuse in vulgar and profane language: he swore that he was a gentleman, and as well raised as the best of them. I inquired concerning him, and received for answer, that he was from an adjoining county, and a *habitual drunkard*! Debauched mortal, said I—and walked on. I had scarcely proceeded more than another square, before I met a good looking young man, apparently not more than 17 or 18 years of age, reeling and staggering from one side of the pavement to the other. I stood fixed with amazement; but followed, with my eyes, his zig-zag course, until he stumbled into a house of decent exterior, and disappeared. At that moment a gentleman approached me, whom I accosted, and the following dialogue passed between us. I shall call him *Citizen*, and myself *Stranger*.

Stranger—Is it possible that the young man can be intoxicated?

Citizen—Yes, sir, he is drunk again.

Str—Again! why, is he in the *habit* of using ardent spirits to excess?

Cit—Sir, he never fails getting drunk whenever he can obtain spirits enough to make him so, which often happens every day.—Why, sir, I have frequently seen him unable to walk before 8 o'clock in the morning.

Str.—Alas! what can the unhappy youth promise himself? what can he expect to come to?—How wretched must he be when he reflects upon his conduct!

Cit—Sir, he never reflects—he never thinks: he is a *habitual drunkard*!

Str.—You must perceive, sir, that I am a stranger here; you will, therefore, excuse me for troubling you with a few more inquiries.—This, sir, is the second *habitual drunkard* I have seen in your streets in my walk of a few hundred yards.—Pray, sir, is *habitual drinking* very common in your town, and the country hereabouts?

Cit.—Nothing more common: it pervades every class of the community. If you will look into what is called the higher circles, you will find it very prevalent there: For instance, a set of young fellows about town will get together, drink until they are shamefully intoxicated, and then call it *taking a frolic*! I have known it to happen that their friends had to send for them, and put them to bed. Will you believe it, sir, I have seen some of these characters attend balls and parties in this disgraceful plight. At other times, they will go to such sober, but soon become so *blue* (as they call getting drunk) as to stagger in their movements.

Str.—Stop, sir, I fear you are sporting with the credulity of a stranger. I have oftentimes heard my friend Dr. Judith Morse talk about the dissipation of southern young men; but, surely, these young men cannot be so deprived of all sense of propriety, of shame, and of decency, as to appear in public, and before the ladies, in that debasing condition? Besides, sir, I should suppose they would not be permitted to enter decent company; I should suppose the managers of your balls would have them turned out of the room as soon as they made their appearance.

Cit.—I find you are a stranger, indeed, among us! Why, sir, ten to one but some of the persons in that condition are managers themselves; and if they are not, I can tell you, the managers seldom interfere in such particulars. Their business appears to be, to ask the gentlemen to walk up to the side-board and drink; to make a servant now and then carry water and lemonade round to the ladies; or (which is as often the case) to dance three or four times in succession with some favorite girl, and leave all the others to shift for themselves, and get partners as they can.

Str.—Sir, you surprise me; if this be the case, I fear your balls must be badly managed. But if the managers will not turn such persons out of the room, I presume the ladies show them no manner of countenance, and repulse them on every occasion; so that if they have the smallest sense of feeling left, they must be glad to make their escape.

Cit.—O! dear me, no! I assure you, the ladies do not take the least notice of such little aberrations from decency and good manners; or if noticed, it is only to laugh at the easy freedoms of these spirited beaux. Besides, sir, you know that there are some ladies too fond of the company of young gentlemen to forego it for mere trifles: This sort, rather than have no beau at all, will put up with a *staggering beau*!

Sir.—But, sir, don't these *staggering beaux*, as you call them, sometimes ruffle the capes and tread upon the toes of the fair ones?

Cit.—O, yes!—but then they smile and bear it. Str—I fear your manners, customs, and fashions, stand in need of some improvement. I came from a part of the country where things are managed in a very different style. In the first place, *habitual drinking* is by no means common, even among the lowest classes of society. If a young man, such as you have been describing, was to show a propensity for strong drink, he would lose his character at once; he would be excluded from all decent society, and no one would trust him for a single cent: In the next place, if such characters would make their appearance at a ball, the managers would instantly make the servants turn them out of the room.—And if the managers neglected their duty, then the ladies would find other protectors—every husband, every father, every brother, would conduct his wife, his daughter, or his sister, from the place profaned by the indecencies of shameful intoxication. And, sir, permit me to tell you, that unless your citizens, those that have families, wives, daughters, sisters, act in the same manner, you will continue to be perplexed, the morals of your children endangered, and your town disgraced by the dissipation and vices of these deluded sons of inebriety.

The *Citizen* here left me; but he was so fully convinced of the correctness of my remarks, as to show no dissatisfaction at the freedom with which I expressed them. On my return to the tavern, I found the "Western Carolinian" on the table, in which I discovered you had set yourselves up as censors: To evince my approbation of your plan, and my wishes for your success, I committed to writing what you have above, and send it to you, with permission to dispose of it as you may think proper.

A STRANGER.

The foregoing are serious charges against the morals of some of our citizens. We are of opinion that the description is too highly colored; but some of our readers know best. Is it true? Is it half true? If it is, we address ourselves to the sober reflections of these thoughtless sons of folly, and bid them stop before it is too late—before they pass the moral Rubicon, when there is no returning—before they become fixed in habits that will disqualify them for all usefulness in life. But if they will not listen to the warning voice, and will still hurry on to ruin, it becomes the real citizens of the place—those that have some respect for the good name of their town—the heads of families—those that would save the morals of their children from the influence of pernicious and corrupting examples—it becomes these, by common consent, to produce a reformation: Let such as these unite in discountenancing all excesses of the kind: Let them exclude from decent society, from their families, from their parties, and not admit to their balls, the votaries of idleness and intoxication. To the ladies, too; to the matrons of families, we address ourselves: Have you daughters growing, or grown up? Teach them to escape the presence of those who have no shame, no delicacy of feeling; who breathe the fumes of intemperance. Remember, drunkenness first destroys all sense; next, all principle.

Hon. PRENTISS MELLE, Senator in the Congress of the United States, has been appointed by the Governor and Council of Maine, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State.

TOBACCO.—It is ascertained, that upwards of Eighteen Thousand *Head* of Tobacco have been received already this season at the different Warehouses in this place. Before the first of October, at which time the shipping will expire, we doubt not the number will exceed 20,000. In this computation, the tobacco brought down the Appomattox Canal is not included; which being inspected above, is merely brought here for sale; and we have known, in the course of the season, one house to receive through this channel, in a single day, the consignment of 500 bbls. We have no data by which to ascertain the whole extent of the canal commerce; but it is already considerable, and is daily becoming more so.

The whole of this vast amount of produce is brought to the Petersburg market, and either sold for cash, or bartered for necessary goods. And what is doubtless the most pleasing circumstance to the planter, is the promptitude with which the business of buying and selling is conducted. The moment the tobacco is inspected, the purchasers are upon the spot, and the seller realizes its value immediately.

Many ships have been despatched from our port in the course of this month and last, freighted with tobacco, cotton and flour; and there are now between fifteen and twenty loading for foreign ports.—*Pet. Intelligencer.*

From the Charleston Courier.

CHARLESTON...REPORT OF ACTUAL SALES.

HOME PRODUCTIONS.

Cotton—Sea-Island, 35 a 37 1/2 cts. lb.—Santee, 30 a 32. Short Staple, 18 a 20.

Rice—Prime, \$3.58; inferior, 3 a 3 1/2.

Flour—Philadelphia, super. \$5 1/2; Baltimore do. 5 1/2 a 5 3/4; Richmond do. 5 1/2.

Corn—55 a 60 cents; Oats, 45 a 50; Peas, 55 a 60.

Whiskey—Penn. 36 a 37 cents; N. E. Rum, 37 a 39.

Tobacco—Charleston inspected, 4 1/2 a 6.

Tar—Wilmington, \$1 1/2; Georgetown, \$1.

Pitch—\$1 1/2 a 2.—Rosin, \$2.

Turpentine—Georgetown, hard, \$1 1/2; soft, \$1 1/4.

Wilmington, hard, \$2; soft, \$2 1/4.

White Pine Boards—Clear, \$22 a 25 per M.; dull sale.

Merchantable, 15 a 14.

Beeswax—21 a 22 cents; scarce—Tallow, 18 cents.

Beef—Boston mess \$12; No. 1, \$11; No. 2, 10.

Bacon—6 a 10 cents.—Lard, 10 cents.

Soup—Yellow, 10 a 12 cents.—Cheese, 5 a 6 1/2 cents.

Candles—Northward, (mould tallow) 18 a 20 cents; Charleston, do. 24 a 26; Sperm. 45.

FOREIGN PRODUCTIONS.

Bagging—Dundee and Inverness, 18 a 22 cents.

Cognac Brandy—\$1 50 a 1 35 cents per gallon.

Holland Gin—90 a 95 cents per gallon.

Iron—Assorted, \$41 a 4 1/2 per 100 lbs.

Salt—Liverpool coarse, 62 a 65 cents per bushel.

Pork—Salted, 70 a 75; none else.

Jags—Havana white, \$13 1/2 a 15; Brown, 8; Muscovado, 8 a 10 1/2; refined loaf do. 22 a 25 cts.

Coffee—Best green, 27 a 28; inferior quality, 24 a 25.

Rum—Jamaica, 110 a 115 cents; West-India, 80 a 85.

Molasses—W. India, 30 cents; N. Orle. do. 32 a 34.

Black Pepper—22 cents.—Pimento, 18.....nominal.

REMARKS.

COTTONS—We continue the quotations of last week.

Some few sales are making in *Sea-Islands*; and *Uplands*, which are very scarce, go off as fast as they come to market.

RICE—Prime lots bring \$3 62 1/2 cents readily.

FLOUR—Has sold but slowly during the week; the quotations without essential variation.

CORN—A cargo was sold on Saturday at 60 cents, payable in North-Carolina money.....it is retailing at 62 1/2 a 65 cents.

PEAS—Are dull at our quotation, 55 a 60 cents.

TOBACCO & NAVAL STORES—No variation in the prices.....no inquiries for the latter.

WEST-INDIA PRODUCTS are without alteration; scarcely any thing doing in them. The same remark will apply to DRY GOODS.

STOCKS, &c.—U. S. Bank Shares are not to be had.... we quote them as in our last; but they will undoubtedly go higher, as they have advanced to above par in New-York. The Stock in our local banks is without variation.

U. S. 6 and 7 per cents. are improving.....there are none of the latter in market. *Bills on England* are held at 4 a 6 per cent. prem. *North-Carolina Money* is becoming scarce, and has improved a shade since last week. Georgia Bills are in great plenty, and have sold as quoted—(5 and 6 per cent. discount.)

Fayetteville Prices Current.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FROM THE FAYETTEVILLE GAZETTE.]

MERCHANDIZE.	Quantity rated.	From D. C.	To D. C.
Bacon	lb.	7	8
Beef, mess	10	12	18
fresh	25	28	
Beeswax	gal.	2	
Brandy, Cog.	60		
Peach	15	20	
Apple	27	29	
Butter	bush.	65	
Coffee	100 lb.	18	
Corn	bbl.	4	
Cotton, Upland	3	75	
Flour, superfine	1	25	
fine	60		
Flax seed	lb.	9	10
Gin, Holland	100 lb.	5	6
Northern	5	6	
Hog's lard	lb.	10	12 1/2
Iron, Swedish	gal.	40	45
English	bush.	40	50
Lead	100 lb.	5	6
Molasses	bush.	75	1
Oats	gal.	1	25
Pork	100 lb.	3	45
Potatoes, Irish	bush.	3	4
Rum, Jamaica, 4th proof	100 lb.	11	12
W. Island, 4th do.	lb.	22	25
do. 3d do.	1	12 1/2	1 25
New-England	1	20	1 40
Rice	1	75	2
Salt, Turks-Island	1	50	1 75
Liverpool ground	100 lb.	4	5
Steel, German	lb.	10	15
blistered	bush.	1	12
Sugar, Muscovado	gal.	40	45
Loaf	1	25	
Tea, Young Hyson	lb.	1	1 40
Hyson	1	75	2
Imperial	1	50	1 75
Gunpowder	100 lb.	4	5
Tobacco, leaf	lb.	10	15
manufactured	bush.	1	12
Tallow	gal.	40	45
Whiskey			

Petersburg Prices Current.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

MERCHANDIZE.	Quantity rated.	From D. C.	To D. C.
Bacon	lb.	8	9
Brandy, apple, old	gal.	55	60
peach	62	75	
cogniac	1	75	3
Corn, new	bbl.	3	
Cotton	lb.	18	19
Coffee	27	29	
Flour, superfine	bbl.	4	50
fine	3	50	4 50
Gin, Holland	gal.	1	10
Iron	ton, 100	110	
Lime, shell	bush.	25	30
stone	cask,	2	53
Molasses	gal.	37	40
Porter, Philadelphia	doz.	2	75
Powder, American	kegs,	75	8
Rum, Jamaica	gal.	1	25
Antigua	1	10	1 37
New-England	1	70	70
Sugars, brown	lb.	10	14
loaf	24	26	
Salt	bush.	55	56
Shot	cwt.	19	11 1/2
Tea, Young-Hyson	lb.	1	25
Imperial	1	40	1 45
Tobacco	bhd.	6	10
Wheat	bush.	1	12
Whiskey, double rectified fruit.	gal.	1	1
common	40	45	
Wine, Madeira	doz.	3	50
Claret	4	50	
British Dry Goods	adv.	100	

THE PERSON'S

WHO some time since borrowed VOLNEY'S TRAVELS INTO EGYPT, and the 4th vol. *RUSIN'S INQUIRIES*, will confer a favor by leaving them at this Office.

Salisbury, July 24, 1820.

Notice.

THE subscribers having removed their Store from Salisbury, wish those indebted to them, to come forward and pay their accounts; those having demands, will present them for payment. Any account that is not settled by the first day of August, will be put into the hands of an attorney for collection.

WOOD & KRIDER.

July 12, 1820.

Letters from Washington,

On the Constitution and Laws, with Sketches of some of the prominent public characters of the U. States.

A FEW copies of this admired little work, may be had at the Book-Store of Messrs. A. & J. Lock.

Wilkinson & Horah,

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE STATE BANK,

MAIN-STREET, SALISBURY,

WOULD inform the inhabitants of this place and its vicinity, that they intend carrying on WATCH and CLOCK REPAIRING, GOLD and SILVER SMITHING—and that they have procured from the city of New-York workmen of the first rate, and also the necessaries for manufacturing Jewelry and Silver-Ware.

The subscribers return their thanks to the public for favors already received, and hope, by a faithful application, to merit the continuance of a share of public patronage. Those who favor them with their custom, may rely on having their work done in the best manner.

Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, carefully repaired, and warranted to keep time.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

A. B.—A supply of Watches, Jewelry and Silver-Ware, constantly kept on hand.

CURTIS WILKINSON,

H. HORAH.

State of North-Carolina,

ROWAN COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Sessions, 1820.

Benjamin Owen, Adm'r of

George Owen, deceased,

vs.

Gaspar Owen,

Anthony Owen.

Petition to sell

Real Estate.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, Anthony Owen, resides out of the State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the *Western Carolinian*, that the defendant appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the third Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur to said petition, or judgment will be entered according to prayer of said petition.

Test.

JNO. GILES.

10 Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, some time since, a negro man named HANNIBAL, between 30 and 35 years of age, and 5 feet 8 or nine inches high. It is supposed he is lurking somewhere in Salisbury, or the adjoining settlements. Whoever will apprehend said runaway and commit him to Gaol, and give me information thereof, shall receive the above reward.

H. B. SATTERWHITE.

Wilkesborough, (N. C.) July 22, 1820.

Two Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, living in Salisbury, on the 5th instant, a negro girl by the name of LIZZIE. It is supposed that the said girl is in the neighborhood of Mrs. Steel's plantation. I will give the above reward on the delivery of the girl, or for information of her being lodged in any Gaol in this state. All persons are forewarned of harboring said girl, under penalty by law prescribed.

WM. DICKSON.

July 18, 1820.

JOHN NORRIS,

TAILOR, FROM ENGLAND.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Salisbury, and its vicinity, that he has commenced the

TAILORING BUSINESS,

In the house formerly occupied by Messrs. Wood and Krider, and where he intends carrying it on in the most fashionable manner, in all its various branches, with the greatest neatness and despatch. He pledges himself that no exertion on his part shall be wanting to deserve the public patronage, which he respectfully solicits.

Orders promptly executed.

Salisbury, N. C. June 20, 1820.—4w3

LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office at Concord, Cabarrus County, N. C. July 1, 1820, which, if not taken out previous to the first day of October next, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead letters.

ELIZABETH ALLMAN, Abram Alexander, Samuel H. Alsbrook, Daniel Blackwelder, Thomas Basinger, John Baker, John Barringer, Charles Canby, Henry Cress, William Cochran, Michael Cline, Jacob Coleman, Ph'p Dry, John Garman, William Gibson, Morgan Hall, Sherwood Hatty, Jane Harris, James Henly, William Henning, Francis Kirkpatrick, Christopher Light, James Long, Henry Linker, Geo. I. McCauley, (2) Jno. S. McCaleb, John Moss, (2) Robt. H. Morrison, E. Morrison, William McClellan, Nancy M'Larry, Eliza M'Curdy, Samuel M'Curdy, Archd. Morrison, William Nickols, Philip Ochler, Peter Overcash, jun. Charles Patterson, John Propes, William Peacock, Henry Propes, Robert Purviance, John Petree, John Rogers, Mary Russel, Nicholas Baldwin, Thomas Steel, William Solomon, Silas S. Scarbrough, William M. Sneed, James E. Tanner, Neelham Thomison, Lewis Tucker, Simeon Walker, Exodus Whitley, John Yeoman.

DAVID STORKE, A. P. M.

In Rowan Court of Equity.

Alexander Long, versus Lewis Beard, Jonathan Merrell, Moses A. Locke.

THE depositions of Thomas Todd, Thomas Hartley, George Willis, sen. Samuel Sillamon, John Clements, Nicholas Simpson, John Travis, and others, will be taken on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of June next, at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury; and if not all taken on that day, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of July next; and if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of those not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth days of August next; and, if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of September next; and, if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the sixth and seventh days of October next. Which depositions are intended to be read as evidence on the trial of this suit; and when and where you may attend, and cross-examine, if you think proper.

ALEX'R LONG, Sen.

May the 30th, 1820.—9w1

Inserted by request of

MOSES A. LOCKE.

BLANKS, OF VARIOUS KINDS,

For sale, at the Office of the CAROLINIAN.

Better Press Printing,

Of every description, neatly and correctly executed at the Office, and on short notice.

The Muse! whatever the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.



FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The following affecting song is one of those written by Moore, for the Second No. of National Melodies, just published by Power. The air is an old English one.

TAKE fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love,
The pain of parting thus.

HAD we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love,
The deep, deep pain of this.

BUT no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love,
And chased it all away.

YET e'en could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love,
Than years of mirth apart.

FAREWELL—our hope was born in fears,
And nursed mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love,
Like them it sets in tears.

THE CHRISTENING.

A hundred names were soon proposed,
But every one the Wife opposed,
No tongue could e'er run faster;
"Well, PETER, then," the Husband cried:
"What! PETER?" the good Dame replied;
"No! he denied his Master!"

"Through all the list," said he, "I've run,
And know not, then, what's to be done
To close this sad distress:
Suppose, my dear, he's JOSEPH called?"
"No, never, no!" she loudly bawled,
"For he denied his Mistress!"

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Grecian Women,

IN THE MOST REFINED AGE OF GREECE.

The Grecian women continued to be kept in seclusion and retirement, even in the most refined times, from a respect to ancient customs. Their residence was limited to a remote part of the house, which took its name from its particular destination to their use: They were visited by no person but their nearest relations, and when they went from home, they were obliged by law to be attended by a slave, carrying a lighted torch. Their time was engaged by the employments of the distaff and the shuttle, and by the care of bringing up their children. Such a mode of life was not only calculated to inspire them with modesty and diffidence, which is natural to persons unaccustomed to promiscuous conversation and public life, but to cherish the growth of all domestic virtues. One of the greatest orators of Athens gives a lively idea of this reclusive state, by asserting that it was the highest honor to a woman not to be the object of either public praise or censure. Amid the turbulent concerns of democratical government, and the activity of military expeditions, no leisure was found for the sexes to improve the arts of conversation, enlarge the sphere of their knowledge, and polish their manners. The female character was degraded, the passion of love was coarse and indelicate, and the women were looked upon rather as the slaves than the equals of men. Their education was totally neglected, and little value was set upon those female accomplishments, which, combined with the charms of beauty, and native elegance of mind, have so much influence in improving the manners of the moderns.

It seems probable that this may be relied upon as a just picture of the modest women of Athens. During the period we are considering, courtesans, skilled in all the arts of seduction, were numerous throughout Greece, and their profession was countenanced by men of the first eminence. B. C. 440. The beautiful Aspasia, born at Miletus, the chief city of Ionia, was the first who introduced Asiatic elegance into Europe. She had the gratification to add Pericles to the list of her admirers, and gained so complete an ascendancy over him, that he was accused of en-

gaging his country in wars to avenge her quarrels. Under his sanction, she formed a society of courtesans, whose arts were employed to attach the young Athenians to her interest. Such were the charms of her conversation, that Socrates himself, his accomplished pupil Alcibiades, the men of letters, and the most celebrated artists, frequently repaired to her house. This circumstance may furnish a proof of the low state of mental accomplishments in the virtuous part of the sex, even during the most refined period of Grecian history.—*Kett's Elements.*

Female Literature

OF THE PRESENT AGE.

From the New (London) Monthly Magazine.

There is no more delightful peculiarity in the literature of the present age, than the worth and the brilliancy of its female genius. The full development of the intellect and imagination of women, is the triumph of modern times. Their influence on literature was scarcely felt, even in the stateliest of classical ages. The contracted nature of their education—the tyrannical demeanor of the sterner sex towards them—and the yet more inflexible tyranny of custom, crushed the blossoms of their genius before they were half unfolded, or prevented them from diffusing their sweets beyond the limited circle of domestic life. Sometimes, indeed, the female mind broke through the unnatural restraints opposed to its progress; but it too often lost, in the exertion, its freshest and most delicate charm.—The Sapphos and the Aspasias of antiquity, cast aside at once the fetters of custom and the bonds of virtue. Even these instances of female celebrity, so attended with cause of sorrow and of pity, are rare. Hence the imaginative works of Greece and Rome, exquisite and eternal as they are, have an aspect stern and appalling, and want that delicacy and tender grace which the intermingling of female grace alone can give. Their poetry is enriched with few of those sweet fancies and delicious conceits which peculiarly belong to the female mind, or are excited in the society of intellectual and sensitive women. The gentle influences of feminine genius, now shed over the whole literature of our country a delicate and tender bloom. The works of the female authors of the present age, are objects of no common interest—not only for their separate beauties, but for the new and lovely lights which they have cast over the whole region of imagination, and the nooks of graceful loveliness which they have been first enabled to illumine.

We shall attempt a brief sketch of the character of those who are most distinguished among them—chiefly of such as yet live to increase the honors of their sex; but also of a few who, without our own memory, have been taken from the world which they assisted to improve and to gladden.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

Of the latter class, to whom it is fitting that we should first attend, Mrs. Radcliffe is perhaps the most distinguished for vigor and originality of genius. She opened to the view a new world of glories and of wonders. In her works, the majestic castles, far enthroned among mountains, lift their conscious battlements 'cased in the unfeeling armor of old time'—a bright succession of moonlight scenes are ever glittering—and the sad presages and symbols of dire events whisper with unearthly sound. In the works of no other author has so much genius been displayed in tales of guilt and horror. She does not excite interest by the mere accumulation of outrages and massacres. A single murder, and that, perhaps, not of the most aggravated nature, becomes the source of more than human terror, in her romances. Her tales are not merely unrivalled in the interest which they sustain, but full of scenes, in themselves, of inimitable beauty. The scenes in the Romance of the Forest, where Adelaide discovers the narrative of a murdered captive, which she reads in her lone apartment, fearing to raise her eyes to the glass, lest she should see a face not her own—the wandering of Emily, in the castle of Udolpho, directed by a track of blood to the chamber of her aunt, whom she believes murdered by Montoni; and, above all, the stupendous scene in the Italian, where Schedoni, after dreadful note of preparation, glides into the apartment of his young and innocent victim, who lies asleep, and drawing aside her drapery to plunge the dagger into her breast, drops it in dismay, on discovering a portrait which induces the belief that she is his own child—are impressed on our souls for ever.

Of all her works, the Romance of the Forest, if it does not contain the most astonishing passages, seems to us the most complete.—The wild and mysterious introduction of the heroine to a family of wretched fugitives—the life they lead together in the bosom of the forest, so richly romantic—the intense interest excited by the sudden change in the purpose of the Marquis, from seeking the love to attempting the life of Adelaide—and the entire connexion and development of the story—render the whole one of the most delightful fictions. This work is not chargeable with the fault which so unfortunately spoils the longer tales for the second perusal—the

* Since this article was written, we have been informed that this gifted lady is yet living. We hope most earnestly that this information is true, and that she will long enjoy that fame which has already ranked her among the first and authors of her country.

excitement of curiosity to the greatest height by a succession of prodigies apparently supernatural, and pregnant with terror; and, then, the sedulous dissolution of the enchantment, by explaining every thing as produced by merely human and frivolous causes.—When the reader looks back, after the catastrophe for which he has ardently panted, the enchantment, so marvellously raised, is gone for ever. He feels that an affront has been offered to his imagination, and that he has been cheated out of his terror by false pretences. He is inclined to regard the whole as an elaborate hoax. Some have complained also of the length of the descriptions, especially in the mysteries of Udolpho: but we think the objection arises merely from the curiosity excited by the story, which can endure no obstacle to its progress. Had Mrs. Radcliffe brought to the composition of her awful tales, the superstitious feelings which the author of Waverley infuses into narratives to which the supernatural is far less fitted, she would have held high and lone supremacy over the regions of poetical terror.

MRS. SMITH.

The works of Charlotte Smith supply a connecting link between romances and novels. She does not lay her scenes among the mountains of Italy, or tinge them with a fearful view of supernatural terror; but she discloses, with exquisite skill, the sources of high and poetical interest in the vicissitudes of English life. She makes ordinary things appear romantic. She has, it is true, no power of sketching or of developing characters—her heroes and heroines are, for the most part, alike in all generous sensibilities and personal charms—and when she attempts to draw real portraits from actual observation, she only disgusts with hideous caricatures, or chills with shadowy abstractions. But there is a sweet and gentle interest, a tender charm in her tales, which numerous characteristic sketches would only weaken. The 'purple light of love' is shed over all her scenes. Her Old Manor-House is one of the most exquisite of novels. The very names of Orlando and Monimia are 'silver sweet,' and those to whom they are given are worthy to bear them. This tale seems to us more like a delicious collection of early youth, than an enchanting fiction. Its spell will never be broken. The little turret of Monimia—the curious passage thence to the library—the gentle coming on of love in the sweetly stolen interviews, seem like remembrances of childhood. The Old Mansion still lifts its towers, fit home for imprisoned love—there Mrs. Rayland yet keeps her state;

"And there Orlando still adores
"His little captive maid!"

MRS. HAMILTON.

Mrs. Hamilton's works are of a very different order. She is the pleasantest of those writers whose avowed object is to be useful. Her chief talent lies in singular acuteness, and a most vivid perception of the ludicrous. Her delineation of Miss Bridgetina Botherim, is the pleasantest of caricatures. We must, at the same time, protest against such a mode of assailing a philosophical theory. It is not well to laugh at the noble though devious aspirations of the soul. Godwin's Political Justice contains, we believe, much that is untrue; but its errands are those of earnest thought, of passionate love of truth, of the most intense and disinterested desire for the advancing glories of the species.

The serious pondering of deep intellect, the high thoughts of a trusting spirit, the delusions of too ardent hope for human good, are not subjects for derision. A theory is not proved to be false by putting some of its deductions into the mouth of a lady with a turned-up nose. Besides, the readers of novels are not in general given to the perusal of philosophical quarts; and, therefore, the humor is little understood, and the design often fails. Of far more unquestionable benefit is the Cottagers of Glenburnie. If not so amusing as the best works of Miss Edgeworth, it has finer touches of nature, and enforces higher duties by noble sanctions.

MRS. BRUNTON.

The writings of Mrs. Brunton display no elevated talents, but a singular harmony and proportion in the author's powers. Nothing stands so prominent in them as to excite deep emotion, but all is in beautiful keeping. They are instinct with cheerful piety. They will never be perused without shedding a calm over the soul, or exciting the tenderest regret for the early fate of their excellent and gifted author.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

The Elder's Death Bed.

We sincerely congratulate those of our friends, who read the following extract from Blackwood's Magazine. Seldom indeed does it fall to our lot, to record an instance of such an appeal to the best passions of the human heart. There is a sanctity about the death bed of a good man.

Guardian angels seem to hover about his couch, although unseen, and to inspire the same degree of reverence as though they were visible. We appear ourselves, at such an hour, to have arrived at the confines of the celestial world, and to participate in the sensation of the soul just struggling to emancipate itself from the body, and to soar to the trackless regions of light and glory. We have selected this exquisite moral painting, as a preparatory solemnity to the devotion of the approaching Sabbath. That each and all of our readers, may feel the same animating consolations in the trying hour of death, as are here represented in the character of the dying elder, is our sincere and fervent wish. This little, busy, bustling world, so engrossing to us, does not perform its daily revolutions with the same certainty that death performs his. On a restless wing he flies around the globe, and his sable pinions intercept the light of life at every moment.

Baltimore Morning Chronicle.

THE ELDER'S DEATH BED.

It was on a fierce and howling winter day, that I was crossing the dreary moor of Auchindown, on my way to the Manse of the parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass, struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiring in the labor with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm—and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sun light that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. Sometimes the wind stopt of a sudden, and then the air was as silent as the snow; not a murmur to be heard from spring or stream, now all frozen up over those high moorlands. As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look upwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages, just visible beneath the black stems of their snow covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture, kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness, came delightfully to me in the midst of desolation; and the barking of a dog, attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigor into my limbs, telling me that lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful, though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly upwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labors of the barn—the mending of farm gear by the fire side—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making "auld claes look amais as weel" the new—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditionary tale told by some way-farer, hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbors, on need or friendship, or the footstep of a lover undeterred by snow drifts, that have buried up his flocks—but above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of psalms that the death of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him, to whom they are chanted, and of that sublime Sabbath keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow, or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it—as cheerfully as I ever walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning, through the fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour's walk before me, the spire of the Church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor—my heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sun light, tipped it with fire; and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that grey headed Shepherd who had, for fifty years, abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

As I was ascending a knoll, I saw before me on horseback an old man, with his long white hairs, beating against his face, who nevertheless advanced with a calm countenance against the hurricane. It was no other than my father, of whom I had been thinking—for my father had I called him for 20 years—and for twenty years my father had he truly been. My surprise at meeting him on such a moor—on such a day, was but momentary, for I knew that he was a shepherd who cared not for the winter's wrath. As he stopped to take my hand kindly into his, and to give his blessing to his long expected visitor, the wind fell calm—the whole face of the sky was softened, and brightness, like a smile, went over the blushing and crimsoned snow. The very elements seemed then to respect the hoary head of fourscore—and after our first greeting was over, when I looked around in my affection, I felt how beautiful was winter.

"I am going," said he, "to visit a man at the point of death—a man whom you cannot have forgotten—whose head will be missed in the kirk next Sabbath, by all my congregation—a devout man, who feared God all his days, and whom on this awful trial, God will assuredly remember. I was going, my son, to the Hazle Glen."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]